The Lounger has always experienced a sensation of revulsion when he has heard the old adage, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Undoubtedly this sentiment has the sanction of time, and must therefore be criticised only advisedly. It has, moreover, many interpretations, which depend upon the character of the bird and of the bush, varying, as these must, from the Bird of Paradise and the Burning Bush, to the proverbial cold bird and the Tannhauser. The question, then, of the soundness of this proverb immediately assumes inordinate proportions, and the Lounger is forced to fall back upon some of his friends for a solution. Personally, he sympathizes with Mr. George T. Angell,—dear moth-eaten old Angell,—that a bird in the bush is worth any number in the hat; but here again great obstacles present themselves, inasmuch as the Lounger acknowledges himself incompetent to discuss, calmly, millinery ethics. Let us turn to a somewhat more practical interpretation of the same epigram. Charles Frohman tells us that "The Bird in the Cage" is worth "two" at the Museum. This sounds logical, but after all, we are obliged to take his word for it, and to speculate upon the suggested third proportional, "If the Bird in the Cage is worth two at the Museum, what would it be worth at Tech?" At this point it is necessary to assume some value for the Lounger. It is generally conceded that the Lounger is equal to anything. Representing this quantity by "A" we have \( A = \frac{2}{0} \). Applying this to the problem, we find that, while the Cage at Tech approaches zero as a limit, the Lounger reproaches the Cage as the limit; introducing the factor, \( 2 \), we have incontestably established the fact that the Cage should be doubled. Mathematics is not only exact, but exciting. The change must be made; all sacred associations of the Old Cage must be torn up by the roots and cast into the bonfire, Oblivion. Hallowed memories of unredeemed umbrellas, checked overcoats in winter, and touching illustrated appeals through the mail from hatters and clothiers,—all, in fact, that has made the Cage come dear to us, must be forgotten. \( O \ temporis, O \ moris! \) Let the dead past bury its Cage. The name alone survives in the new and spacious structure which graces (perhaps like the Lowell building and the Class of Naughty five, only temporarily) our glorious Institute. But after all, the Cage itself is but the apparel,—will there be another bird? Tremendous thought! Potent possibility!

Thus, with a joint discussion between himself,—or more explicitly, between his own numerator and denominator,—does the Lounger un-bird-on his cerebral cage during his brief moments of relaxation; so be it understood that even the Lounger must relax. Few human beings can labor ceaselessly. There are instances, however, of such phenomenal nature which People do such things in Hell; Tech is,—and the Lounger in conversing with an Architectural staff in the Milky Way of Course IV, learned that the remarkable spirit, like sweet cider or the force of gravitation, once started, worked continually "only ceasing," to use his own words, "in his professional work of riveting the joints on his girder plate to rush down and bolt the equally tenacious joints on his dinner plate." The Lounger perceives that his facetious friend has here used punster's license calling by the elegant name "joint," what must inevitably have been hash; and the Lounger would suggest by way of amendment that the nature of the hash would properly sanction the use of the epithet "joint" only when accompanied by its surname "Production," a joint production consisting of—"joint" only when accompanied by its surname "Production," a joint production consisting of—but the Lounger will neither reveal nor revile the which he does not know or understand, and yet which constitutes the very fiber and substance of his thought mechanism, stimulating him to noble deeds as rare inspirations, bone of his bone, life of his life—hash.

Wanted: Information which will lead to the capture of the originators of the following statements:
Formerly prints were found at Babylon.
Caxton claimed that all books which were started in the morning would be finished the same day.
Sidney was born in 1554 . . . and traveled on the continent in 1552-53.
The first printing-press was set up near Westminster Abbey. It contained sayings of the philosophers.
All the manuscripts in Constantinople were destroyed by the Christians, and the scholars fled with these books to Italy.
Sidney was at Barcellona at the massacring of St. Bartholomew.
Michael Angelo was being encouraged by the nobles in his research for scientific facts.
A reward of one beautifully illuminated copy of Arlo Bates' new book, "Second-Year English Literature," will be paid for such information.